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—
WALBRIDGE.
—

AN AMERICAN TALE.

SOME years ago I became acquainted with a person by the name of Walbridge, whose appearance and deportment interested me in a singular degree. He seemed then about eight and thirty, slender, and genteelly formed; not handsome, but possessing in a remarkable degree that charm which renders a person interesting. Though he never complained, but on the contrary, supported beyond any person I ever knew, an equanimity of temper, yet to those who observed him with attention, it was evident that he laboured under the recollection of some bitter calamity. Every feature of his expressive face bore testimony that it had at no distant period been wrung with anguish. He might be said to resemble some fertile region of Sicily a long while ago laid waste by an earthquake, and whose smiling aspect, though in some measure restored by time, still every where bears traces of the ravages it once sustained. His was a painful countenance, as was once observed, and the phrase expressed his character completely.

In the circle which Walbridge frequented, he excited much of that inter-

est which we feel, we know not why for some persons, and was highly esteemed, though he took little pains to gain the good will of any one. He evidently possessed acute feelings, but made little parade of them; on the contrary when on any occasion they were assailed, he seemed to task his mind to subdue, or, at least, disguise them. Though in a few instances I remember to have seen him enter with spirit into the discussion of common topics, yet, in general, he seldom exerted his powers but on subjects of deeper and more permanent interest. Then his severe and manly stile of speaking, his force of thought, his mingled feeling, and philosophic indifference, together with the strong and earnest expression of his face, gave an indescribable character to every thing he uttered.

If ever on any occasion he appeared devoid of feeling, it was when called upon to sympathise in the common evils of life. Loss of fortune, disappointed avarice, baffled ambition, or speculation ending in poverty, were subjects which he listened to as idle tales, and often would he ridicule with bitter irony the whining of those who complained of these every day distresses of life. Such things, he said, were the daily bread of all mankind, and none but querulous, weak-minded beings ever complained of what was the common lot of the whole

human race. But there were other evils which he seemed to feel with redoubled force. The wounds of affection, the sorrows of the heart, and, above all, the loss of friends, never failed to call forth his pity and commiseration.—Fortune could restore what she had taken away; avarice deserved to pine; ambition might begin the world again; and time reconcile us to the ills of poverty; but who, he would ask, ever wrestled successfully with a broken heart, or what time ever reconciled us to the loss of those we love?

I confess on these occasions I used to suspect that Walbridge wanted that practical benevolence which is worth all the speculative sensibility in the world, and does more to alleviate the distresses of society than all the fine-spun effusions of sentiment, or precepts of philosophy ever written. It was not long, however before I accidentally discovered that he was in the practice of relieving the wants of those very persons whose common calamities he considered as almost nothing; and that while he despised their complaints, he administered to the misfortunes that occasioned them.

These seeming inconsistencies only excited my vigilance to detect the latent features of his character, and I scrutinized him with an attention which every day's experience seemed to convince me was thrown away. All that resulted from the most minute observation was, that his character was not to be developed except by some accidental indiscretion, which was hardly to be looked for, considering the strong rein he seemed to hold on his feelings.

Such as he was, however, Walbridge gained the regard of all those with whom he associated for any length of time; and, though neither gay or talkative, his company was always welcome to those who were; for his silence was not gloomy, or his seriousness morose. His eye, and his smile, told you that though he did not join in the gaiety, he partook of that cheerfulness to which he could not contribute.

It happened that a person—a lady—who enjoyed a large portion of his esteem, sustained a severe domestic calamity, which, acting on a mind of acute

feeling, plunged her into the deepest sorrow. Some time after, we called to see her, and the sight of old friends seemed to give a keener edge to her grief. Walbridge attempted to console her; for a humane heart cannot resist the attempt at consolation, even though assured it will be in vain. He urged a variety of arguments—but grief neither reasons, nor listens to reason. With that injustice which often accompanies acute sorrow, she reproachfully told him that it was easy to find topics of consolation for evils we never suffered, and could not conceive. Mr. Walbridge was a philosopher, and philosophers prided themselves in being insensible to the ills of life, and of their friends.

This reproach went to his heart—he paced the room in silent solemnity—his face assumed the saddest expression of sorrow, and as he stopped and leaned against the mantle-piece, he seemed to be labouring to bring his mind to some painful resolution. He at length seated himself again, and said in a tone of bitter despondency, mingled with slight reproach, “ You have charged me with indifference to the misfortunes of mankind—you have accused me of being unfeeling because I have never been stricken myself. I thought to have gone to the grave in silence, and carried with me every memorial of the calamities that have fallen on my head. That no one has ever yet heard me complain, is no proof that I have never suffered; and if I do not sympathize with the common ills of life, it is because every body seems to me to be happier than I am. I will tell you my story. Perhaps the detail of what I have suffered may in some measure serve to reconcile you to the event which you mourn. At any rate you may contrast your situation with mine, and see how happy you ought to be compared with myself. If I am unfeeling, learn in what a bitter school I became so.

“ My father, a foreigner, left his country before I can remember, and brought with him a wife and three children, two sisters and myself. His story I could never learn, but from some hints which he occasionally dropped, I suspect that he had been ill treated by his family,

with whom he never kept up any correspondence. What his misfortunes had been I know not, but their effects appeared in the choice of his residence which was on the banks of a little river that falls into the Ohio. Men like my father seldom quit society, unless society has injured or been injured by them, and the uniform tenor of my father's life forbade the latter supposition.

"At the time of our first settlement this region was a perfect wilderness.—We were more than fourteen miles distant from any human habitation, and the solitude of our world was never interrupted by the passing traveller. The only sounds of breathing life, other than from ourselves, were those of the inhabitants of the woods. We heard the solitary woodpecker striking the trees with his bill—the bluejay chanting his lonely notes—the squirrel chirping, the partridge drumming—sounds that would be lost to the ears in the cultivated resorts of men, but which in the silence of the interminable forest are heard afar off.—In the stillness of the midnight we were visited by troops of wolves whose howlings, and the responsive challenges of our watch dogs, produced an effect singularly wild and sublime.

"In this lonely situation we seemed to live for ourselves alone; all our duties and feelings were concentrated in each other. We sometimes heard a rumour of the world 'over the hills and far away' but it seemed like the story of some distant country, with which we were never to have any intercourse, and the inhabitants of which we should never see. Here my father employed himself in overlooking the work of a few labourers who had been tempted to accompany us, in study, and in the education of his children. In a few years our little settlement furnished us with all the necessaries of life, and my father, as he saw the wilderness begin to blossom like the rose, and contemplated the smiling prospect of rich meadows, waving fields of grain, and cattle reposing under the shade of those primeval elms which he had left standing on the borders of the stream, seemed for a while to forget his birth-place, and to be almost happy.

"For my part, I grew up like a young Indian, active, wild, and impetuous. In the intervals of study, I passed my time in rambling with a gun, building castles, or fishing along the river, which was so clear and pure, that the smallest objects were visible at the bottom. Occasionally I would extend my rambles down the stream to its junction with the Ohio;—this beautiful river, though yet unsung, more enchanting than any ever yet celebrated in song. My fancy, which had run wild in the solitudes of the woods, sometimes pushed on to future times, and I used to anticipate the period when this delightful region, already adorned with every thing enchanting in nature, should be embellished by all that is elegant in art, or valuable in science; and when its gracefully meandering stream should become classic, like those which the Scottish ploughman has made immortal. But I wander, and indeed, I shrink from the task I have undertaken, and would willingly defer, as long as possible, the relation of that sad catastrophe which laid the fabric of my happiness in everlasting ruin.

"We were a family of love; how we loved each other, those only who have lived as we lived can imagine. In the crowded resorts of mankind, the affections are frittered away in the pursuit of numerous and distracting objects, which divert the attention from dwelling long on one idea. Hundreds of people lay claim to detached portions of our hearts, each sharing a little, while the multiplicity of ever varying scenes that pass before our eyes prevents our receiving those impressions that are indelible. But in retirement it is different; the scarcity of objects of interest gives a force and energy to the estimation we bear them; the heart fastens there with a strength and permanency inconceivable by those who pursue the shifting varieties of the busy world; and where these deep-rooted attachments are torn away, nothing but regret and despair will ever thrive again.

"At the age of eighteen I was sent to one of the universities, to complete such branches of my education as our remote situation prevented me from attending to with advantage. My parting

from home was the first sorrow I ever felt; and those who can recollect the first wound in their hearts may form some idea of my feelings. My family too felt it bitterly. The loss or the absence of one person from a little family of love, is a serious affair to those whose enjoyments centre at home.

"How I buffeted this untried scene; how I was laughed at for my simplicity, ridiculed for my bashfulness, and what boyish tricks were played upon my inexperience, it is unnecessary to detail; altogether they sickened me of my situation, and prevented my forming any connexions that might have drawn me a moment from the contemplation of that home to which all my affections pointed. I perceived that the deep-rooted habits of my early life had totally unfitted me for the world; and, therefore, looked only for happiness where only I had ever found it, in the bosom of my family. Every hour of absence, consequently, increased my impatience of this situation, and my anxiety to return, and the very day after my term of absence had expired I turned with the most delightful anticipations towards home.

"It was on the last evening of the old year that I arrived, after a long and hard day's journey, at a log house, about fourteen miles from home. This was the nearest human habitation to ours, and I thought if I made good haste I might reach home yet in time to share in the pleasures of that social season so dear to the hearts of the young, and to those whose labours give them the truest enjoyment of gaiety and relaxation. My dear father always loved holidays; he used to say there was so little happiness in this world, that people should be sometimes put in mind of it by the setting apart certain days for the express purpose of being happy.

"I knew therefore if I could reach home by midnight I should find the family still up, and pleased myself with the hope of giving them an agreeable surprise. I, therefore, much against the wishes of my old servant, proceeded forwards.

"Amidst a thousand thronging images of horror which crowd on my memory, I still recollect that night, so still,

so clear, so sublime. Nature seemed sunk in her last sleep, and not a whisper of the woods, or murmur of the stream, disturbed her awful repose. Nothing was heard to break the dead silence but the distant howling of a wolf, or sometimes, at long intervals, the cracking of the ice shooting a hollow sound across the river. The snow glittering in the moonlight was terribly contrasted by the black solemnity of the leafless woods and a freezing, a bitter silence, pervaded the whole scene, and that inevitably disposed the mind to lofty contemplation. The absence of all animated being; the total inaction of vegetable life; the analogy between silence and death, struck me with a mingled sensation of devotion and fear. It was in the midst of this lonely solitude, that I received the most powerful impression of the omnipotence of that Great Being whose will had stopt the gentle current of life that flowed through the veins of the forest, and enchain'd for a while the all pervading principle of vegetation.

"At length, after a heavy journey through the deep snow, I drew near to our little ark, and every other feeling was lost in the anticipation of the meeting which was soon to take place. My heart swelled with all the tenderest emotions which nature has implanted in the heart of man, and which are called forth by the name and the remembrance of home. It was a little before twelve, when, emerging from the wood through which our journey lay, I looked towards the well-remembered spot where our house stood, but could see nothing but a cloud of black smoke issuing from the place. A horrible thought came like lightning across my brain. I spurred on furiously, and in a few minutes beheld a scene the remembrance of which haunts me wherever I go, embitters all my hours, and sleeping or waking exercises an influence which consumes me.

"I cannot describe it—I should go mad again if I did. Our house had been surprised by the Indians, set on fire, and every soul perished in the flames, or was butchered in attempting to escape them. I saw my gentle sisters; their pure blood had stained the snow, not more pure than itself—my

father, whose grey hairs had been torn from his head—and in the last moment of recollection I saw my poor mother scorched and mangled to death. The power of man could not support it; my heart that a few minutes before had opened to receive the full current of happiness shut again—I believe forever—and a stunning sensation fell on my head with a force that overwhelmed my reason.

"From that time until the lapse of more than a year I was as nothing—I remember nothing—I believe I felt nothing. I wandered, they say, from place to place, without motive or end, attended by the faithful old servant who was with me that fatal night; and was only released from this comparatively happy state, to feel the miseries that marked my future lot—Since then, I have drifted about the world, listless, reckless, and unpurposed. If I have any kindred left, I know not where to seek them. I am by the habits of my early life unfitted for any active business, that by employing and disciplining my mind would restore its elasticity; and I cannot return to the scenes of my youth, lest the sight of them should again unhinge my brain—I am too old now to think of planting the tender shrub of affection in any female heart, and shall die long before it could take root and arrive at maturity. Nothing now remains for me but to bear my fate like a man, and wait with humble resignation for the hour when I shall be permitted to join my murdered family. O ! let no one think himself happy that he is exempt from the labours of business, nor let the needy man repine at his daily toils. My own experience has taught me this lesson—that employment is the surest path to the recovery of our peace of mind, and that to be exempt from the necessity of exertion, is to be at the mercy of incurable sorrow.

"Compare now your situation with mine. Though bereft of one blessing, you are surrounded by many others, and cherished by friends whose affection will in some measure supply your loss—while I exist like a desert rock in a wide ocean, to whose barren breast no mariner is allured, and in whose desolate confines no gentle songster warbles a note of happiness. He who has none to

love, and who is beloved by none, may be permitted to despair; but remember, that uncontrolled grief for the loss of one friend, is a tacit unkindness to those who survive, because it seems to indicate that their affection is of little worth—and it is ingratitude to heaven which has still permitted you the enjoyments of many blessings."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. EDITOR,

A few evenings since, after the laborious task of the day had expired, tempted by the alluring sweetness of the evening Zephyrs, I stole unheeded from my study, to climb a neighbouring eminence (whose proud aspect seemed to vie with the clouds) to look with fond remembrance o'er my native place. Here, seated under a venerable oak, whose branches gently fanned the breeze, amid the refreshing odours that issued from the numerous fields below, was a scene for the man of luxuriant taste, too delectable to be described, and for the painter a view of the most sublime and beautiful cast. Where e'er I cast my eyes, novelty presented itself in a thousand new and variegated charms robed in every form and feature. While my longing eyes were bent 'tward the City, I felt my heart glow with more than its usual enthusiasm for the author of so much infinite perfection; and looking attentively at the cerulean cast of the Heavens for sometime, I fell into a profound reverie. Oh ! man, I exclaimed, thou art never contented with the station which God has appointed thee—in vain do ye seek the imaginary Idalian bower—in vain fancy joys to the imagination, which sound judgment can never realize; learn then the paths of wisdom and bury the variety of emotions, which but distract instead of soften man's condition. Why, oh ye inhabitants of New-York, is not the practice of roving to Brooklyn for pleasure on a Sunday abolished, it being contrary to the rules of decorum and the sacred canon. Perhaps while the pen is recording your folly, some may be planning your ruin in alluring you to the haunts of vice on this sacred day. Re-

member, in a garden our common mother doomed to wretchedness the major part of the antedeluvian world.

Oh, ye guardians of the young ! restrain your offspring and those under your charge, as much as possible, from participating the pleasures of the licentious, and warn them of the danger that attends their wandering steps after the phantom pleasure. 'Tis thus man seeks variety for happiness, but how fallacious the pursuit. Thirty years have rolled o'er my head without producing the desir'd object, except in the calm and peaceful wild secluded village of South River, where, if the philosopher would bend his steps, and view the swelling of the gentle "stream that murmurs at his feet," his imagination would soar beyond the limits of this terrestrial scene. Impress'd with these emotions I quitted the rural seat of nature and of innocence, and passing through the ambrosial meadows, silently withdrew to Berkelaw plate, to participate in those sensations, which none but the feeling mind can enjoy.

B.

South-River, (N. J.) July 16, 1814.

Variety.

SURNAMES.

In the government of Massachusetts, are a Pope, a Parsons, a Clark, a King, a Prince, a Lord, a Baron, a Sargeants, a Messenger, a Page, a Bowman, a Marshal, a Porter, a Rider and Walker, a Savage, with Webbers and Websters, Millers and Fullers, &c. in abundance.

Some of them are Strong, Hale, Prime, Good, Rich, Swift, Gay, White, Brown, Little and Low.

Bliss, and Joy, are there, with Bacon, and Pease, Rice, Mellon, Gage, Lilly, Reed and Cobb.

The country sends thither its Mills, and Hills, its Greenwood and Greenleaf, its Wood and Underwood, its Fields and Butterfields, its Springs and Wells and Brooks, with Stiles and Parks—the town its Halls and Towers.

Neither is game wanting "by flood or field" for behold the Fish, the Pike, the Bass, the Paddock [queer game]

with Hawkes, the Dawes, Crane, Capen and Partridge.—*Salem Gazette.*

CHARACTER OF DICK WILGOOSE.

Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broken in a quarrel or his pockets picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by laughing at his misfortune, or imitating the dialect of the thief. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the rest, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew, said the expiring miser, my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his eldest brother, and leave him besides four thousand pounds." "Ah, father, cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last turning to poor Dick; "as for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling, to buy a halter." "Ah father," replied Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself."

A facetious canon of Windsor, taking his evening walk as usual into the town met one of the vicars at the castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. So, says the canon, from whence came ye? I dont know, Mr. Canon, replies the vicar. 'I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends.' 'Aye, and now, says the canon you are reeling it home.'

AN IRISH SAILOR'S PRAYER.

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me; God bless the world, and success to the navy."

Seat of the Quuses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MY COUNTRY.

AH ! well I remember the days that are past ;
The joys I have seen now no longer they last
I remember when peace and when plenty did
smile
On thee O Columbia ! and my native isle ;*
When Hudson, thy waters, thy bay and thy
strand,
Recciv'd the productions of every land ;
When commerce (I weep her deplorable fate)
Sat pleasantly smiling on every state :
Then thee O Columbia ! how happy wast thou,
But how changed is thy face when I look at
thee now :
With the Indians dire war-hoop our frontiers
resound .
The scalps of my kinsmen are scattered
around ;
The yell of the savage our warriors alarms,
They throw down the scabbard and rush unto
arms :
How dire is the conflict ! how dreadful the
strife !
The child now's an orphan ! a widow the wife !
Thy blood, O my Country, has copiously
poured,
Since the cloud of revenge round thy borders
has lowered.
Columbia sits mourning her sons that are dead,
While the sweet smiles of peace from her
visage are fled ;
How sincerely I wish that those smiles might
return,
And my Country no longer have reason to
mourn.
How again I'll rejoice at the dawnings of
peace,
When war is no more, and when carnage shall
cease.
I'll rejoice at the lot of my Country again,
When her fleets shall in peace ride the billowy
main ;
When the tear of the widow be wip'd from
her eye ;
And the orphan no longer in sorrow shall sigh :
Yes, then, O Columbia, thy praise shall be
mine,
While the sun shall give light or a planet shall
shine !

SUILENROE.

* New-York Island.

BLACK EYES.

NEGLECTFUL of blue eyes ! By heaven,
I've ne'er
Despis'd the soft glance of an azure-orb'd fair;
For the eyes of a lady are ever enchanting,
And blue eyes are brilliant—when black eyes
are wanting.

The blue eye may please, but it never can dart
That bright beam of feeling that reaches the
heart ;—

It may sooth with its softness, but cannot
inspire

The bosom to rapture by glances of fire.

Eyes look lovely in tears—but they tell us of
rest,

Being scared from its seat in an innocent
breast,

Oh ! give me dark eyes that have no need to
borrow,

The marks of their beauty from symptoms of
sorrow.

The Warrior may long for a look of repose,
To soothe him in war and to soften his woes ;
A blue eye may give his soul peace in a minute
But a black one hath something too fiery in it.

Yet dear are blue eyes, though I own others
shine

With rays of more brilliance—Yes ! light
more divine ;

And I hope that the crime may in time be
forgiven,

When I swear that black eyes speak the lan-
guage of heaven.

BLUE EYES.

O BLIND to Beauty, that despise
The Eye of heavenly azure hue !
O blind, that can so lightly prize
The soul-beguiling orbs of Blue.

Have ye not marked, how bright, yet mild,
The blue eye beams through Pity's tears,
When Mercy, cheering Sorrow's child,
In Virgin Beauty's form appears.

I give to sensual MAROMET
To form his earthly Paradise—
The Houri form, the eye of jet,
His carnal followers to entice.

On Life's rough ocean tempest-tost,
Be this my cherish'd heart-lov'd prize—
When press'd by woe, by sorrow crost,
To meet Love's smiles in light blue eyes.

My early fall, if stern War doom,
From Honor's wound my life-blood
streaming,

O give that last dark hour t'illume
Affection's blue glance, comfort beaming;

PIGRAM.

On the Marriage of Mary Ann Angling, to
Mr. Abraham Roach, of Upper Canada.

Ann Angling for a husband, took
A silver bait upon her hook ;
With such magnetic virtue fraught,
That she the first that nibbed caught,
Anxious her lover to approach,
She haul'd him up and found A Roach.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

PARIS papers to the 14th of June, Bourdeaux to the 20th, and London dates to the 19th of the same month, have been received by an arrival at the Eastward: by which it appears that our ministers, and the British commissioners must have left England for Ghent about the first of June.

12,000 British troops, under Sir Rowland Hill, it is said, had sailed from Bourdeaux for Quebec about the 6th of June; and that more were to follow.

The Definitive Treaty between France and the allied powers in Europe, signed at Paris the 30th of May, places France, in territorial jurisdiction, as she was in 1792, except Tobago and St. Lucia in the West-Indies, and the Isle of France and its dependencies in the East-Indies, all which are ceded to Great-Britain. In the establishments to be restored to France on the continent of India, France is bound not to raise any fortifications, nor to keep a larger number of troops than may be necessary for the aid of the police; and England allows France to enjoy in their possessions in India, the privileges of the most favored nations. France is reinstated in the right she had to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland, along the coast of Labrador, and in the Gulph of St. Lawrence. Other particulars might be mentioned, as well of France, as of the other nations concerned in this treaty, did our limits permit.

The war on the coast appears every day to be getting more serious. In the capture of Eastport the enemy have expressed their determination to hold it, as they say they consider the island on which it stands, within their boundary line. Three-fourths of the inhabitants it is said had taken the oath of allegiance to the British: the rest had leave to go away within a week.

The enemy, says an Alexandria paper, has burnt the jail and court house of Calvert county, Maryland, and has carried off 300 slaves, and were spreading terror through the adjacent country.

The last accounts from Virginia say, The enemy were going up the Potomac with a considerable force.

The U. S. brig of war Rattlesnake, capt. Renshaw, is taken by the Leander frigate; as is also the privateer Henry Gilder, of this port, and a valuable prize ship belonging to the Gen. Armstrong privateer, by the Niemen.

In pursuance of an order from the general government, the governor of this state has ordered this state's quota of 13,500 militia to be immediately organized and equipped, and held in readiness for actual service; and it is said that two encampments are to be immediately formed, one at Harlem heights and the other at Brooklyn heights, of 3,000 Militia, for the payment of which, the corporation of this city have appropriated 300,000 dollars.

Nuptials.

MARRIED.

On the 19th inst. at Bristol, (R. I.) by Bishop Griswold, the rev. John P. K. Henshaw, of Brooklyn, to Miss Gorham, of the former place.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Daniel Brown, to Miss Christen Jaques, daughter of Mr. Wm. Jaques, merchant, both of this city.

At St. Mark's Church, by the rev. Dr. Harris, Mr. Jacob Brantingham, to Rachel, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas T. White, both of this city.

At Staten-Island, by the rev. P. S. Van Pelt, Mr. Frederick Placeid, to Miss Mary Johnson, both of this city.

In the South Church, Mr. Jacob I. Roome, to Miss Elizabeth Keeler.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Michael Henry, to Miss Maria Ann Heimer, both of this city.

At Bottle Hill, (N. J.) Wm Bunce, to Miss Mary Freeman, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED:

Last Tuesday evening aged 27 years, Mrs. Ellen A. Rindge, wife of capt. Wm. Rindge, of Portsmouth, (N. H.)

Mrs Isabella Graham, of this city, aged 73.

At Albany, after a short but severe illness, Ebenezer Foote, Esqr. Counsellor at Law, of that city, formerly of Connecticut, in the 41st year of his age.

On Tuesday night the 12th inst. General John Swift, late of Palmyra County, in this state, killed, while reconnoitering the outposts of Fort George.

THE MUSEUM,

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